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Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

NO. 32

10¢

**CAPTAIN
MARVEL**
FIGHTS THE
MOLE MEN
IN DALLAS!



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To help us maintain high standards of wholesome entertainment in our comic publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

ALL THE POWERS OF THE EARTH
GET AIN IN THE HISTORY OF THE
WORLD HAVE BEEN OBTAINED
TOGETHER AND PLACED IN
THE HANDS OF THE BOY
REPORTER, RILEY RATHBUN.

WHEN HE REPRODUCES THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT MIBARD SHAZAM HE BECOMES IN A FLASH OF LIGHTNING THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL. THROUGHOUT HE DEFENDED AND JUSTICE AGAIN ESTABLISHED. MARVEL REPEATS THE WORD AND CHANGES BACK TO BULLY ONCE MORE. "SO ASKING IF THE CHANCE THAT MOST PEOPLE NEVER EVEN REALIZE THAT HAS HAPPENED."



IN THIS ISSUE



DEEP IN THE HEART OF DALLAS!

MILITARY MISFITS

THE GLASS-BLOWER OF GREENPOINT

THE FIRING OF GREAT BIG BERTHA!
(CHAPTER 11 OF A THRILLING SERIAL. IT'S
NOT TOO LATE TO START IT NOW!)

NAME, RANK, AND SERIAL NO.
(of CLERK making entry)

MUSEUM **BURNHAM** **ONE**

SIGNIFICANT CONCEPT IN BODIE TESTIMONY

THEY'VE GONE ACROSS! YOU COME ACROSS!

ORDER IN ADVANCE!

ORDER IN ADVANCE! We are trying to complete 100% in this mail effort. With this ad in work, and due to the paper shortage, we are cutting down on the number of copies of each magazine printed. We therefore suggest that you ask your news dealer to reserve your copy of your favorite comic, put it aside now so we can't all find out when you get to the store, or, a kiosk, if the store isn't open, call the day we announced it would be there, etc.

Every comic will have a magazine sold for free, even though we'll do our best to cover it. It's recreational. You see

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!

February 1961 Vol. 16, No. 12

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[illegible]

CAPTAIN MARVEL

"DEEP IN THE HEART OF DALLAS"

**CAPTAIN
MARVEL
ARRIVES
in
DALLAS
TODAY**

HERE'S THE
BUILDING WHEN IT
GETS DARK-
LOWER
AWAY!

SEE CAPTAIN
MARVEL? WHAT
DID I TELL YOU?

HEH! HEH!
SOON WE WILL
HAVE ALL
OF DALLAS!

NO ONE IN DALLAS
WOULD HEED THE AMAZING
WARNINGS OF DR. FOOZLE.
BUT WHEN CAPTAIN
MARVEL VISITED THAT
CITY HE FOUND THAT THE
STRANGE OLD SCIENTIST'S
PREDICTION WAS CORRECT-
AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST MORTAL
THESE MIGHT NOT HAVE
BEEN ANY DALLAS AT
ALL TODAY!

AT DALLAS, TEXAS, HEART OF THE
SOUTHWEST, A HUGE CELEBRATION
IS IN PROGRESS, LED BY THE SOUTH-
EAST METHODIST UNIVERSITY BAND

BUT MAYOR RODGERS,
YOU MUST LISTEN
TO ME!

WELCOME
CAPTAIN
MARVEL





THE BOMB BOMB BOMBING
A BUNCH OF LIGHTNING
AND A BUNCH OF THUNDER
ACROSS THE BLUE HEAVS
IS...

BOOM!

CHANGING LITTLE BILLY INTO THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST MORAL...CAPTAIN MARVEL!

HELLO, MAYOR RODGERS, THIS
IS CERTAINLY A GRAND
CELEBRATION DILLAS HAS
PUT ON FOR ME!

HAVE CAPTAIN MARVEL
SO SOON?—OH YEA,
THE CELEBRATION...WELL,
YOU SEE—ER...UH...

I KNOW, I HEARD
ABOUT YOUR DIFFICULTY
AND THINK I CAN HELP.
YOU, IF YOU CAN GET
SOME MEN TO HITCH ALL
YOUR WAGONS TOGETHER,
WE'LL START THE PARADE
WITHOUT ANY HORSES

AT AN ORDER FROM THE MAYOR, THE WAGONS
ARE QUICKLY HITCHED.

HITCHING ALL THESE WAGONS
TOGETHER IS THE CRAZIEST
THING I EVER HEARD OF!

YEH, STRONGEST
TEAM IN THE WORLD
COULDN'T PULL THEM ALL!
I DON'T GET IT!

THE PARADE
STARTING AT
LAST! BUT WHERE'S
CAPTAIN MARVEL?

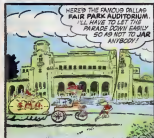
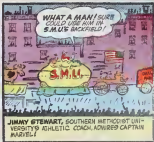
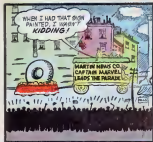
LOOK!
WE'RE NOT ONLY
STARTING!
WE'RE
FLYING!

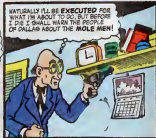
LOOK, IT'S...
IT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL!

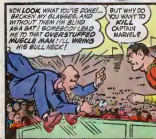
HE'S PULLING THE
WHOLE PARADE!!

WHEN ANYBODY WANTS TO
SAVE GAS AND TIRES, HE
CERTAINLY WILLING TO HELP!

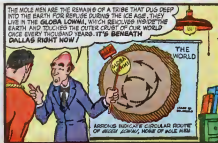
MAYOR RODGERS! YOU MUST
LISTEN! THE MOLE MEN...
PUFF...PUFF!...NO USE!
I'LL HAVE TO DO TO THE
NEWSPAPERS!







DELIGHTED TO FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL LISTEN TO HIS PREDICTION WITH A SYMPATHETIC EAR, DR. POODLE TAKES CAPTAIN MARVEL TO HIS HOME TO EXPLAIN THE MOLE MEN MENACE.



BUT AS DR. FOOZLE TELLS CAPTAIN MARVEL ABOUT THE MOLE MEN, NIGHT IS FALLING...

AND LOOK AT THIS HOUSE...
IT'S SINKING!

DOWN
AND
DOWN IT
GOES!

WISHED COMPLETELY!
IS DOCTOR FOOZLE'S
WARNING TOO LATE?
ARE THE MOLE MEN
ALREADY AT WORK?



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE OWNER OF THE "DISAPPEARING HOUSE" RETURNING HOME.

THE LIGHTS ON IN DR. FOOZLE'S LABORATORY AGAIN, I SEE. WONDER WHAT HE'S EXPERIMENTING WITH TONIGHT?

WISH HE'D STOP THAT NONSENSE ABOUT THE MOLE MEN. IT'S NOT FUNNY ANY MORE. AH... HERE'S THE KEY! WIFE'S AWAY... HAVE TO GET MY OWN SUPPER!



ULP! THE DOOR'S MISSING! YIK! THE WHOLE HOUSE IS GONE!!!



IF I HAD MY GLASSES, I COULD SHOW YOU MORE CHARTS, BUT YOU CERTAINLY HAVE GRASPED THE SITUATION QUARTLY. IN GLAD YOU'RE NOT A BONE-HEADED RUSKIE MAN LIKE CAPTAIN MARVEL BY THE WAY. WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

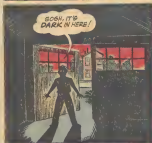
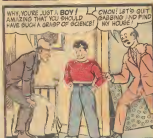
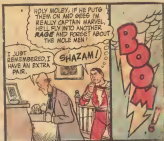
DR. FOOZLE!
DR. FOOZLE!

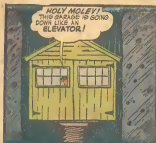
ER... I DON'T
SAY.



DR. FOOZLE, SOMETHING
AWFUL HAS HAPPENED!
MY HOUSE HAS BEEN
STOLEN!







**THAT NIGHT, PANIC-STROKEN CITIZENS OF
DALLAS FLEE THEIR HOMES AS THE MOLE MEN
START THEIR CAMPAIGN TO STEAL THE CITY!**



HOURS LATER...

LOOK, IT IS A STRANGE
UPPERWORLD CREATURE!

HOLY MOLEY!
MOLEY-KIDS!

LET US FREE
HIS LIPS AND
SEE IF HE CAN
TALK!



CAREFUL, HE MAY BITE!

NO, HE IS TIED IN A
CAGE AND CANNOT
HURT US!



THERE! SAY SOMETHING
UPPERWORLD CREATURE!

SHAZAM!



OH! OH!
HE TURNED INTO A
MONSTER!

I'LL HAVE TO LET
THOSE CHILDREN GO WHILE
I FIND OUT HOW MUCH
DAMAGE THE GROWN-UP
MOLE MEN HAVE DONE!



HOLY MOLEY! THEY'VE
ALREADY GOT HUNDREDS OF
BUILDINGS DOWN! THERE ARE
THE MARQUA BLDG. AND
THE ADOLPHUS HOTEL!

LOOK! AN UPPERWORLD
CREATURE!

QUICK, KILL HIM!
MURDER HIM!



CAPTAIN MARVEL FINDS MAYOR RODGERS WITH DR. FOOZLE

FOOZLE, YOU WERE RIGHT, BUT HOW CAN WE STOP THESE MOLE MEN IF DALLAS IS IN A TUNNELL. HUNDREDS ARE HOMELESS!

MAYBE THIS MOLE MAN I CAPTURED WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWER

I CAN'T SEE! LET ME GO!

I'LL ESCAPE! UUGH!

OOF! OH...YOU'VE KNOCKED MY GLASSES OFF!

HERE YOU, NOT SO FAST!

MY GLASSES ARE BROKEN! I CAN'T SEE! NOW I CAN'T HELP DEFEAT THE MOLE MEN!

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO WORK ALONE, MAYOR. HMMMM... SO THEY CAN'T STAND LIGHT, OR IF THAT OWNS AN IDEA. WE'LL USE DUGGO AS A LURE AND...

AAAH!

CAPTAIN MARVEL'S PLAN IS PUT INTO ACTION AND SOON EXPERT LUMBAT THROWERS ARE STATIONED ALL OVER DALLAS.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, PARD?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M READY TO ROPE THE FIRST MOLE MAN WHO STICKS HIS UGLY MUGG OUT OF THE GROUND

I'LL PLANT DUGGO HERE, MAYOR, BUT I NEED ONE MORE THING FOR MY PLAN. WHO IF I TAKE THE TOP OFF THAT WATER TANK?

NOT AT ALL, CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN MARVEL WINDUPH LOOSES THE HUGE TANK TOP AND CARRIES IT HIGH INTO THE SKY!

AND BOOM! THE CENTER OF DALLAS IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS. CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS CAUSED A SYNTHETIC ECLIPSE OF THE SUN!

THE ECLIPSE COMPLETELY FOOLS THE MOLE MEN!



AND UP FROM THE GROUND COME THE MOLE MEN, SENT ON THE RESCUE OF THEIR KING!



THE SUDDEN GLARE OF LIGHT BLINDS THE MOLE MEN, LEaving TO UNDERGROUND DARKNESS



AND EXPERT TEXAS COWBOYS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE MOLE MEN'S CONFUSION!



LATER, DR. FOOZLE APPEARS ON THE SCENE!

SEE! EVERYBODY SAID I WAS CRAZY WHEN I TRIED TO WARN THEM ABOUT THE MOLE MEN! EVERYBODY WAS TOO INTERESTED IN THAT DUMB-HEADED CAPTAIN MARVEL TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME!

YES, BUT DID YOU KNOW THAT IT WAS CAPTAIN MARVEL WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO CAPTURE THE MOLE MEN?

WHAT? CAPTAIN MARVEL DID IT?

YES, DR. FOOZLE, YOU SEE, IT WAS I WHO WANTED YOUR LABORATORY AND HAD THAT LONG CHAT WITH YOU, BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE YOUR GLASSES AND COULDN'T SEE WHO I WAS. I WORKED WITH THE MAYOR ALONE WHEN DRISGO BROKE YOUR GLASSES THE SECOND TIME.

WELL, CAPTAIN MARVEL, I MUST ADMIT I WAS WRONG. YOU ARE THE FINEST COMBINATION OF BRAINS AND MUSCLE EVER INVENTED! WHO ELSE COULD HAVE THOUGHT OF A SYNTHETIC SCURGE, AND THEN HAVE CARRIED IT OUT?

NEXT DAY, DRISGO, KING OF THE MOLE-MEN, REPORTS IN COURT.

AND BEFORE THE MOLE MEN VANISHED INTO INNER EARTH TO THEIR STRANGE WORLD, THEY DID ALL DRISGO PROMISED, RETURNING ALL THE STOLEN BUILDINGS AND HOUSES SO THAT TOOKY DALLAS, TEXAS, IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS IT EVER WAS!

WE ARE SORRY WE CAUSED ALL THIS CONFUSION AND AGREE TO RETURN ALL THE STOLEN BUILDINGS. BUT WE MUST WORK FAST. GLOBE, LOOKIN' IS MOVING AWAY FROM THE EARTH'S UPPER CRUST AND WILL NOT RETURN AGAIN FOR 1000 YEARS!



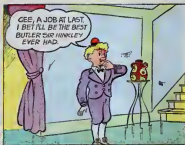
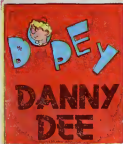
STEP RIGHT UP PALS!

WAR BONDS AND STAMPS WILL EQUIP YOUR FIGHTERS TO WIN YOUR WAR!

GET THE BUYING HABIT TODAY!

Capt. Marvel





CAPTAIN MARVEL

AND THE MILITARY MISFIT!



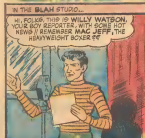
ONE DAY, AT RADIO STATION WHIZ ...

... GO UNTIL THREE PM, FOLKS. THIS IS BILLY BARNARD, YOUR BOY REPORTER, SIGNED OFF! GOODBYE ...



EXCUSE ME, FOLKS! I'M IN A TERRIBLE HURRY!





I THINK I'LL RUN
OVER AND MEET
THIS WILLY WATSON!

TELL HIM IF HE DOESN'T
STOP I'LL HAVE HIM
ARRESTED IF YOU'VE
BUILT YOURSELF UP AS
THE BOY REPORTER, AND
I'LL NOT STAND FOR ANY-
ONE STEALING YOUR
REPUTATION!



MR. MORRIS IS DISTURBED ABOUT WATSON'S
COPYING ME... BUT I'M MORE INTERESTED IN
THAT ARMY Gossip! I'LL LET CAPTAIN
MARVEL LOOK INTO IT.....

SHAZAM!



BILLY SPEAKS THE MAGIC WORD, SUMMONING
THE MAGIC LIGHTNING TO CHANGE HIM TO...



...CAPTAIN MARVEL, MIGHTIEST OF MORTALS!!

AT A TIME LIKE THIS, EVERY-
ONE SHOULD RESPECT THE
U.S. ARMY... NOT MAKE FUN
OF IT!



A GUMBO-HONKER
LIKE THIS NEW REPORTER
COULD DO ALL SORTS OF
HARM TO OUR WAR
EFFORT!!



YOU CAN TELL
BLAH IS A
SECOND-RATE
STATION JUST
BY ITS APPEAR-
ANCE!!



I WANT TO SEE
WILLIE WATSON,
PLEASE!!

WELL, AIN'T
THAT NICE...?

YOU JUST GO HOME AND WRITE
A NICE LETTER, ASKIN' FOR AN
APPOINTMENT, SEE, AND YOU
MIGHT GET IT! SCRAM, BAD STUFF!



HYWWW! THERE'S A
TIME TO BE NICE—
AND A TIME TO BE FIRM...







TO BETTER NOT FEETER BUSY OFFICERS WITH QUESTIONS! I'LL VISIT CAMP DUGAN AND SEE... THINGS FOR MYSELF!



RUSHED AS THEY ARE, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THE ARMY WOULD GO SO FAR WRONG AS TO PUT A FIGHTER TO BAKING!



YES, MR... YOUR REPORTER'S PASS IS GOOD! YOU'LL FIND MAC JEFF OVER AT THE BAKERIES!



THANK YOU!

THEN IT IS TRUE!!

MEANWHILE, AT STATION BLAH...

I'VE GOT A HUNCH SOMEBODY'LL NOSE AROUND MAC JEFF TO CHECK UP ON MY STORY! GUESS I'LL DRIFT OVER THERE...

YOU'D BETTER! THEY MIGHT STUMBLE ONTO SOMETHING!



THE ARMY REALLY MADE YOU A FANCY BAKER, MR. JEFF? HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT?

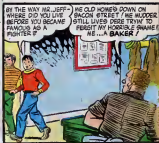
DEY GUYS DID, BILLY! AND HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL 'BOUT CHEESE, IF DA OLD GAWD FINDS OUT ABOUT IT, DEY'LL CRUSH ME!!



I'M A FIGHTER, GEE? I WANTED TO GET IN A BOX AT DEM JAPS-AN' LOOK AT ME! HERE I AM, BAKIN' PASTRIES!

WELL... WELL...





JUST AS I THOUGHT! THERE GOES WILLIE WATSON RUSHING TOWARD A TELEPHONE BOOTH! HE WATCHED ME GET ON THIS CAR---



THEN MY HUNCH MUST BE RIGHT AND I'D BETTER ACT ON IT FAST! THIS STREET CAR IS TOO SLOW---



BILLY HURRIES AROUND OUT OF SIGHT TO PRONOUNCE THE MAGIC WORD!

SHAZAM!

**BOOOO!
WE'RE BLOWING
UP!**



**NOW WE'LL GET
SOMEWHERE!**



CAPTAIN MARVEL WAS FINE FOR FAST TRANSPORTATION, BUT I'D BETTER TAKE OVER FOR THIS INTERVIEW!

SHAZAM!



MRS. JEFF? I'M BILLY BATSON, RADIO REPORTER! COULD I ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR SON, MAC?

BILLY BATSON? GOOD-NIGHT, YES! GONE W. BOONNY! YOU'RE MY FAVORITE REPORTER!



TELL ME SOMETHING OF YOUR
BOYHOOD, MR.
JEFF! WHAT WERE HIS
HOBBIES? WHAT DID
HE LIKE TO DO?

WELL, BEST OF ALL HE
LIKED--NO! IT'S BETTER
NOT TELL THAT...MAG
MIGHT NOT LIKE IT!

BESIDES, I PROMISED THE MEN I
WOULDN'T TELL ANYBODY IF AND I
PROMISED NOT TO SHOW THIS
PICTURE, EITHER!



MEN? WHAT MEN?
THESE MEN,
BRAT!



MR. BUTZEN! WHAT'S
THE MEANING OF
THIS?

THE MEANING, KID, IS THAT
YOU GOT TOO WHOOZY TO KEEP
ON LIVING! SO WE'RE HERE TO
TAKE CARE OF YOU AND THAT
GABBY DAME!



GO AHEAD, BOYS!
WITH THESE SILENCERS
OH, NOBODY'LL HEAR
A THING!

WOW! IT'S TIME
I CALLED FOR
CAPTAIN MARVEL'S
HELP...

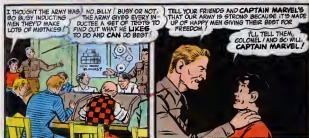
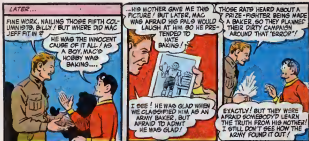
GHA-

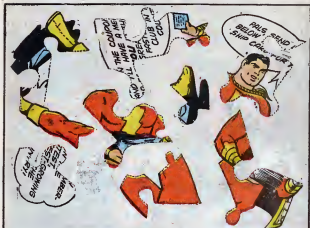


-ZA-OMPPP!

LUCKY I GOT HERE,
BOSS! HE WAS ALL
SET TO GOBBLE
FOR HELP!







**CUT OUT THE PIECES OF
CAPT. MARVEL--PUT
THEM TOGETHER AND
SEE WHAT HE'S SAYING!**

**CAPTAIN MARVEL
HAS A MESSAGE FOR
YOU, PALS! PUT HIM
TOGETHER AND FIND
OUT WHAT IT IS!**

CAPTAIN MARVEL
32 West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose 10¢ (in coin or stamp) to cover cost of mailing. Also, I understand that I am to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD, which contains the secret code, and many other surprises.

Name _____ Age _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____



Name, Rank and Serial No.

BY JESS BENTON

HENDRICKS dropped like a plummet into the bushes behind a rock when the enemy party came into view over the ridge. He hoped they hadn't heard the noise of his rifle scraping the rock, or seen the glint of the sun from his helmet where the drab color had scraped off.

He just hoped they'd struggle on by and leave him alone to get back to his lines.

He didn't want to get tangled up with the enemy.

He wished he were back home.

In the same breath, as he froze closer into the earth, he was sure they weren't going to pass him by—he could hear their rough field shoes prying loose small stones, the clink of their gear. Now he could hear vaguely the sounds of their talking as they came closer to him. Even in the wild terror of the minute he thought, "We cannot beat them. They are too strong for us. There are too many of them."

Now as they advanced on to his position and he could distinguish their voices one from the other, he thought of

the time before he had left the States when he had lived in Milwaukee. He could understand the Germans in Milwaukee then, though sometimes their accent had puzzled him.

"Here," the big one with the thick voice was saying, "we'll rest here for a time."

Well, they hadn't seen him then. It was just a coincidence they stopped there. He remembered he had heard it was part of their efficient military training that they rest, relax completely, for a period every now and then, when they were in the field.

"Maybe I'll be able to lie here until they go," he thought frantically, and he knew he would not be able to lie there until they went. Already he was breathing as if he'd just finished a hundred yard dash and his body was ake with painful hurt from the stress that was setting into it.

"I'll throw a grenade," he thought, and in the agony of his fear he knew he would throw no grenade because it was useless. A grenade would get one or two of them and

then they would polish him off and Marie would get a telegram saying that the Secretary of War or somebody regretted deeply that Johnny Hendricks had been killed in action.

"I can quit then, maybe—I can surrender," and even in the first flash of the thought he was not surprised at entered his mind. Two months ago he would have thrown his grenade and died maybe, without even giving himself time to wonder about it. Now he knew it would be useless to die. Three others, they were made for war. But not him. Not Hendricks.

"Sure I can surrender, there is no sense in my getting killed," he thought, but still he knew he had to die here or die there because he had heard what they did to their prisoners—who didn't talk. He had to die soon because they had passed a law and invited him into the army when, he didn't want to go, he had to die foolishly and in vain. They were going to lose the war anyway—there was no stopping these mighty legions with their mighty equipment which had

rolled them back over so much territory all over the world.

BUT STILL as his cramped seconds ticked off, his mind dwelled on the thought of surrender and he saw as clearly as if it had been in front of him page four of his Soldier's Book:

"Instructions in case of capture—in accordance with international law you are required to give nothing more than your name, rank and serial number—"

Too, he remembered his Captain, a veteran of the first World War, who had told them, "If you think you are in danger of being captured destroy all the papers you have on you. Above all destroy all letters which mention your unit. If you are captured remember your country depends on you and do not be intimidated by threats. Even if you are able to, do not speak the enemy's language — he will worm information from you under the guise of friendliness. Remember — you tell them nothing but your name, rank, and serial number."

That stuff was all right in a class room — it was very fine to say you had to tell them nothing but your name and number. But Hendricks had heard stories of the ways they had of making people talk.

Even when he was a little boy after the first war he had been filled up with stories about the treatment the pri-

soners got, and this time it was worse.

"But worse only if I don't talk. Supposing I do?" he thought, and then he knew suddenly what he was going to do. He told himself he wasn't a coward. He told himself again it was useless to die for a lost cause and he knew now his side had lost. He would surrender. And they would not do to him any of the things they did to their other prisoners.

They would not hang him up by the thumbs. They would not tear his fingernails out. They would not break his fingers or his toes, or pull his teeth, one by one, as he'd been told they'd do. They would not do any of these things to make him talk.

They would not have to.

CAUTIOUSLY, every movement a torture, he felt through his begrimed uniform. His cramped fingers touched upon the letter from Marie. He saw his address written on it in her firm hand. The envelope would not be big enough. He took the letter out and unfolded it — the letter, which said the people realized now it was to be a long war, four years, five years, six. The letter, which spoke of the rationing, the lack of meat, the difficulty of getting shoes, the taxes.

For long seconds he looked at it.

"This is what I am supposed to destroy!" (And I am cap-

tured," he told himself. "This tells the enemy the type of outfit I am in. It tells them we have arrived here, in this sector. It tells them of the shortages at home, of the difficulties — it gives them a knowledge of the morale. I am supposed to destroy this. To cut it, if necessary."

He removed his bayonet from the scabbard.

"But I will not die! I will not be tortured to death!"

He stuck the bayonet through the letter, in and out, along the side, so that it held firm.

Then he held it up over the edge of the rock and waved it slowly back and forth.

The officer dismissed the guards.

"You can understand me, then?"

"Yes," said Hendricks.

"How do you speak our language?"

"In the German section, in Milwaukee. I lived for a time."

"You gave yourself up?" Hendricks could detect the undertone of disgust in the officer's voice.

"Yes. I gave myself up. It is useless to die. We are lost."

"You are willing to give me some information then — more than the usual information?"

"Yes. I will tell you anything I can."

"Now you're talking, bud," said the officer. "First, let's have your name, rank, serial number, and organization."

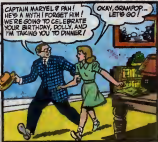
"Johannes Hendricks," began the other, "1878, Corporal, 32nd Rumboldt Battalion, Infantry."

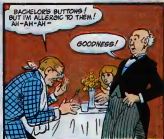
(The End.)

CAPTAIN

MARVEL

and the
GLASS-BLOWER
OF
GREENPOINT!STOP THAT,
YOU SABOTEUR!GLASS PRODUCTS
CORP.
BROOKLYN—OH! HE'LL SMASH
THE VITAL GLASS PART
OF THE INVENTION!QUIET,
LEEDLE
GIRL!FOLKS, WHEN FREDERICK WALKER, A
NICE OLD BROOKLYN CRAFTSMAN, TURNED
HIS SELL TO WORK FOR VITAL U.S.
SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH, A COUPLE OF
ODIOUS NAZIS MADE HIM THE SUBJECT
OF A NAUGHTY PLOT! IT WAS JUST LUCKY
THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL FOUND OUT
ABOUT IT IN TIME TO FIGHT BACK FOR
THE GLASS-BLOWER OF GREENPOINT!AT THE FACTORY OF THE GLASS PRODUCTS
COMPANY OF BROOKLYN...WE HOLD YOU HUZ
CELEBRATIN' YER
GRAND-DAUGHTER'S
FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY,
MR. WALKER!SO WE BRING DIS
BROOKLYN FERR YOU
TA GIVE HER!BACHELORS' BUTTONS GIVE
ME—ACHOO!
ACHOO! HAY-
FEVER!GEE WHILLIKERS!
GIVE 'EM BACK
QUICK!THANKS, BOYS...
OH MY GOODNESS...
THEY'RE BACHELOR'S
BUTTONS!YOU'RE THE
BEST GLASS-
BLOWER WE GOT! WE
CAN'T LET HAY-FEVER
RUN YOU! GRAB
THEM FLOWERS,
KIDNY!





COME ON, DOLLY, LET'S GO
LOOK AT THE VIEW FROM THE
TERRACE! WE'RE 35 FLOORS UP!

AH... DID I SEE MY
CHANCE WHICH I AM
LOOKING FOR!



AS BILLY'S EYES FOLLOW MR WALKER, AND DOLLY HE GETS:

HOLY MOLEY...
SHAZAM!

HEY!

HELP!



WHEN BILLY BATSON SAYS "SHAZAM", THE
SKY SPLITS, A JAGGED LIGHTNING BOLT
CRASHES DOWNWARD, AND BILLY IS TRANS-
FORMED INTO...



...THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL...
CAPTAIN MARVEL...

SOMEONE DELIBERATELY PUSHED THAT
OLD FELLOW AND THE GIRL OFF THE
TERRACE!



WANNHEIM, YOU FOOL!
NOW YOU HAF CAPTAIN
MARVEL AFTER US!

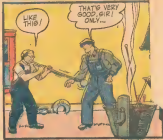
RELAX, ERWIN...
HE WON'T RECOG-
NIZE US!

NO TIME TO
INVESTIGATE
THE CAUSE...

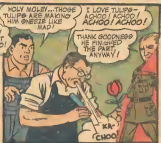
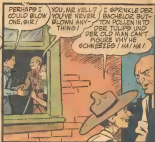
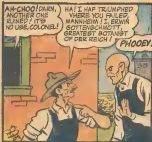


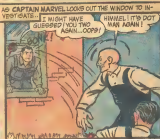












CAPTAIN MARVEL'S OVERALLS HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS!

WHY, IT'S NOT AN APPRENTICE AT ALL...

IT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL!

HELLO, FOLKS!



I KNEW WHOEVER PULSED YOU OFF THAT BUILDING WOULD COME BACK FOR A SECOND TRY!

SO YOU DISGUISED YOURSELF AS A WORK-MAN TO BE NEAR GRANDPOP WALKER! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!



THOSE TWO NAZIS CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR!

IT DOESN'T MATTER! THEY'VE SUCCEEDED IN THEIR JOB! THE KIBSPYLG0 HASN'T BEEN BLOWN—OUR WORK IS HELD UP ANOTHER YEAR!

AND I'M TOO UNNERVED BY THAT EXPLOSION TO TRY ANOTHER ONE.

BUT I CAN BLOW ANOTHER ONE, FOLKS!

YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD, MARVEL—BUT EVEN YOU COULDN'T BLOW THE RIGHT TWIST ON THE END!

AND WHAT WOULD YOU USE FOR GLASS?



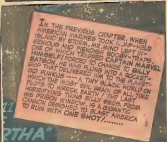
I'LL BORROW THE GLASS FROM THE OTHER END OF THE FACTORY, WHICH THE EXPLOSION DIDN'T DESTROY!

BUT YOU CAN'T USE THAT KIND OF GLASS!

BUT CAN'T SHIT IN CAPTAIN MARVEL'S VOCABULARY!

BY GULLY... IT CAN'T BE DONE... BUT HE'S DOING IT!





SERGEANT SANDY



THRILLING
SERIAL

Capt.

MARVEL

and the
MONSTER SOCIETY OF EVIL

FOLKS! ON THE PLANETOID PUNKUS, A DARK LITTLE WORLD NEVER SEEN IN EARTHLY TELESCOPES, MR. MIND HAD SET UP A WAR BASE FROM WHICH TO BOMBARD EARTH! WITH THE FRIGHTFUL CROCODILE-MEN AS HIS HELPERS, HE HAD BUILT THE MOST GIANTIC CANNON OF ALL HISTORY—GREAT BIG BERTHA! IN A MUNITIONS PLANT, SHELLS WERE BEING MADE—EACH A MILE LONG! BUT WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL JOINED THE WORKERS, HE PUT A WRENCH IN THE WORKS THAT NEARLY WRENCHED THE DARK PLANETOID OUT OF ITS ORBIT!



IN THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER, WHEN AMERICAN MARINES TOOK A JAP-HELD ISLAND BY STORM, MR. MIND LEFT IN SENIORS AND MENOCH BOOBY-TRAPS, ONE OF WHICH TRAPPED CAPTAIN MARVEL HIMSELF! FORCED TO CHANGE TO BILLY BATSON, HE WAS PLUNGED INTO A ROCKET-SHIP THAT DELIVERED HIM TO THE PLANETOID PUNKUS—A TINY BLACK WORLD ON WHICH THE MOST EVIL BRAIN OF ALL TIME PLOTS TO WRECK EARTH! THE LAST HORRIFYING THING BILLY SEES, FROM HIS PRISON WINDOW, IS A GIANTIC CANNON DESIGNED TO BLAST AMERICA TO RUIN WITH ONE SHOT!.....



Chapter 11

"THE FIRING OF
GREAT BIG BERTHA"

BOUND AND GAGGED, BILLY BATSON WATCHES HELPLESSLY FROM HIS PRISON CELL WINDOW, SEEING THE GIANT CANNON OF MR. MIND NEARING COMPLETION!

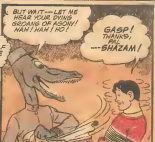
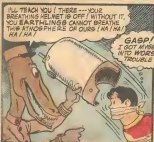
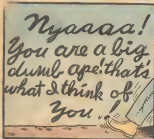


MR. MIND'S GREAT BIG BERTHA! ONE SHELL FROM IT WILL MAKE A HOLE 1000 MILES WIDE IN AMERICA!

THESE CROCODILE-MEN ARE WORKING FAST! THE SUN WILL BE DONE SOON! I'VE GOT TO PUT A CRAMP IN ALL THIS—BUT HOW CAN I SET OUT OF THIS CELL?



WHEN THE BRAIN OF MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL WASN'T AVAILABLE, THE COURAGEOUS BOY OFTEN USED HIS WITS!

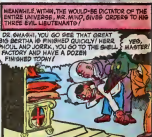


EAR-SPLITTING LIGHTNING ANSWERS THE MYSTIC WORD, AND...

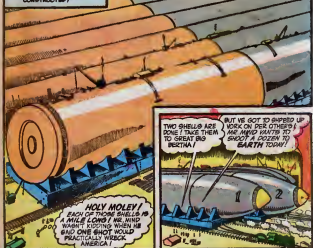


...MIGHTY CAPT. MARVEL REPLACES BILLY!





THREE, THE MOST IMAGINATIVE
AMMUNITION PLANT IN HISTORY
PRODUCES THE MOST COLOSSAL
CANNON SHELLS EVER
CONSTRUCTED!



TWO SHELLS ARE
DONE! TAKE THEM
TO GREAT BIG
BERTHA!

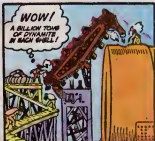
BUT WE GOT TO SPEED UP
WORK ON PER OTHERS!
MR. MIND WANTS TO
SHOOT A DOZEN TO
EARTH TODAY!



GET BURY, YOU!
HELP FINISH SHELL
NUMBER THREE!



WOW!
A BILLION TONS
OF DYNAMITE
IN EACH SHELL!





ONLY THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL SURVIVES!

THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT
OF HERR PHOUL AND
JORRIL! HOW SAD!

NO MORE SHELLS BEING PRODUCED,
BUT TWO SHELLS WERE COMPLETED, AND
SENT TO GREAT BIG BERTHA! I'VE
GOT TO STOP THEIR BEING
FIRED!

AT THE CASTLE, HE MIND REALIZES THE STUNNING TRUTH

THE PLANT—DESTROYED!
AND DO I SEE CAPTAIN
MARVEL COMING?
EEEEEEK!

I'LL BEAT HIM
TO THE GUN IN
MY ROCKET
SHIP!

A MILLION CURSES!
MY LAST CHANCE IS TO
SHOOT OFF GREAT BIG
BERTHA! TWO SHELLS
ARE READY!

OR SHASHI! IS
GREAT BIG BERTHA
READY YET?

YES, MR. MIND! THE
WORKMEN JUST FINISHED
IT! IT'S READY TO
FIRE!

THEN FIRE IT!
HURRY, BEFORE
CAPTAIN MARVEL
COMES!

A GIANT DERRICK LOADS A HUGE SHELL INTO
THE GIGANTIC GUN!

AND WITH A BOOM THAT SHAKES
THE DARK WORLD, THE MIGHTY
CANNON FIRES ITS STUNNING
SHELL EASTWARD!

BAM!



HA, HA, HO, HEE!
THERE GOES A BILLION
TONS OF DYNAMITE—
STRAIGHT FOR EARTH!
HO, HO, HA, HAAAA!



HOLY MOLEY!
GREAT BIG BERTHA
HAS FIRED
ONCE!



ANOTHER SHELL
IS LOADED INTO
THE GUN,
MR. MIND!

GOOD! THE FIRST ONE WILL LAND
IN RUSSIA, / BUT NOW THE EARTH
IS TURNING, AND WE CAN AIM
THE SECOND ONE FOR—
AMERICA / HA, HA,
HO, HEEEE!



FIRE!

HOLY MOLEY!
I'VE GOT TO STOP
THAT SECOND
ONE SOMEHOW!

BUT HOW CAN EVEN THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST
MORTAL STOP A GIANT SHELL A THOUSAND TIMES
AS BIG AS ONE SHELL ALREADY HEADED FOR
RUSSIA, TO BLAST THAT LAND TO SHREDS?
ANOTHER IS AIMED FOR AMERICA / WILL
CAPTAIN MARVEL SAVE THE TWO GREAT ALLIES
—RUSSIA AND AMERICA—FROM UTTER
DESTRUCTION?

SEE CHAPTER 12. "GUY YLNYZYNNYMB
LU VZIGS! NEXT MONTH! (USE YOUR
CODE-FINDER TO WORK THIS OUT.)

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